

Monthly Film REVIEW

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9^D





HAZEL COURT

STANLEY ITKIN

reviews the films of the month

Moss Rose

Most filmgoers will find this film exciting, for the simple reason that it has an excellent murder story wound round the ever-popular box-office formula of poor-girl-to-aristocracy-and-a-handsome-husband-too, which never seems to tire the ageless queues at the cinemas of all countries.

The story has several faults which are unnecessary; why a Bible turned up at the scene of each murder, and how the murderer managed to get them, when they were bought for presents by her second victim—but this is getting complicated, so I'll leave you to ponder over the problems for yourselves.

The film certainly is worth seeing, and, despite everything you may have heard, the acting is very good; particularly by Peggy Cummins, whose cockney accent convinced me—and I'm a born Londoner—even if it didn't convince my sophisticated senior critics.

* * *

DOWN TO EARTH

Rita Hayworth is a beautiful and talented woman, so why they didn't think it worth while to provide a better story than this meaningless (not funny) concoction, I cannot say.

Just the same, it is a pleasure to see Rita dancing and singing, so, if you like the gaudy Technicolor extravaganzas à la Hollywood, this film (being typical) should please you.

* * *

WHERE THERE'S LIFE

I am told that Bob Hope employs eighteen gag writers, so his jokes *ought* to be good, as indeed they are in this film.

Silly plot-making, bad acting and misdirection do their best to spoil the excellent humour provided by the inevitable Bob Hope.

* * *

A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

Margaret Johnston as the repressed spinster, and Dulcie Gray as her sister, go to sell a Neapolitan villa left to them by their uncle.

The servant (Kieron Moore) who occupies the villa tries to kill Margaret Johnston, after seducing her, but is foiled in a story too full of coincidences to be convincing.

Watch out for this Kieron Moore, however, for he shows much promise as a screen actor.

FIESTA

A colourful film in which Esther Williams and Richard Montalban exchange places as bull-fighters.

Two minutes fighting with Esther Williams makes the most vicious bulls fall fast asleep in the middle of the arena; her efforts had a similar effect on many members of the audience.

Akim Tamiroff, one of Hollywood's best character actors, makes the best of a slight comedy role.

* * *

HOLIDAY CAMP

This is a slice of life from one of the mass holiday camps which are becoming so popular.

A typical family meet with the usual domestic problems, and solve them in a happily muddled way. . . . Several amusing incidents and many wonderful little characterisations make this film a really enjoyable affair.

The appearance of a criminal lunatic is quite unnecessary, but does not prevent the film from being good British entertainment, with fine acting by Jack Warner and Kathleen Harrison.

ELSEWHERE WITHIN

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NEWS FROM THE STUDIOS

by BENNY SHAW

"CURTAIN RAISERS" AT Highbury

ON Monday, July 7th, the first of the J. Arthur Rank's Organisations "Curtain-Raisers" went into production at Highbury Studios. This series of films will be about 4,500 ft. in length and will run for approximately 50 minutes. The first of the series, now in production, is *Colonel Bogey*, an original light comedy ghost story, written for the screen by John Baner. It is being produced by John Croydon, who previously worked with Michael Balcon for 16 years and was associate producer of *Nicholas Nickleby*. The director is Terence Fisher, a former film editor.

The cast consists of Mary Jerrold, famous for her part in *Arsenic and Old Lace*; Jack Train, the "Colonel Chinstrap" of ITMA; Jane Barrett, wife of Louis MacNeice, and now under contract to the J. Arthur Rank Organisation; John Stone, a member of the Company of Youth; Ethel Coleridge; and Hedli Anderson, whose first film appearance will interest her many admirers at the Players' Theatre.

In spite of present-day shortages and difficulties, the studios have been completely equipped since April 1st, and were ready for use as originally scheduled on July 7th. *Colonel Bogey* will be on location for one week and is then expected to take 3½ weeks at the studios.

More films in this series are already in preparation. *To the Public Danger*, written by Patrick Hamilton, will be the second film. The script has been written by a young script-writer, Arthur Reid, and it will be directed by E. V. H. Emmett. *The Penny in the Pownall Case*, an original story by W. E. C. Fairchild, will follow under the direction of Slim Hand, at present at Ealing Studios. The fourth will be a knockabout comedy, as yet unnamed, to be produced by George and Alfred Black and directed by Charles Saunders. A new comedian will star in the film—Freddie Frinton.

FOR YOUR FUTURE ENTERTAINMENT

DARRYL ZANUCK has eight pictures ready for lensing in the next few weeks. Added to the three pictures, *Foxes of Harrow*, *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!* and *Kiss of Death*, which are now before the cameras, *Off to Buffalo* will be an early

starter. When Nancy Guild gets back from her honeymoon with Charles Russell she will go into this production with Dan Bailey, Barbara Lawrence, Fay Bainter, Alan Young, Charles Ruggles and Jane Nigh. Lloyd Bacon will be the director and Walter Morosco the producer.

Following closely thereafter will be such productions as *Green Grass of Wyoming*, with Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster and Rita Johnson, a Technicolor translation of Mary O'Hara's best-seller; *Behind the Iron Curtain*, dealing with Communist activities in America; Darryl F. Zanuck's personal production of *Gentleman's Agreement*, with Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, John Garfield, Anne Revere and Celeste Holm in leading roles; *Julie*, a George Jessel production, with John Payne, Jean Peters, Clifton Webb and Peggy Gummings assigned important roles; *The Snake Pit*, with Olivia de Havilland; *Daisy Kenyon*, starring Joan Crawford, Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews; *The Walls of Jericho*, with Gregory Peck and Joan Fontaine pencilled in for the leads; *Nightmare Alley*, the Tyrone Power starrer; and *Call Northside 777*, with Richard Conte.

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

DODIE SMITH, famous English playwright, has been signed by Paramount to develop the treatment of *Portrait of a Lady*, the Henry James novel, which is scheduled as a forthcoming film which Charles Brackett will produce.

One of the great novels of nineteenth century America, *Portrait of a Lady* is the romantic story of a girl who cannot make up her mind which of three suitors to wed, and finally marries a fourth.

Dodie Smith's last assignment at Paramount was on the screenplay of *The Uninvited*, which Charles Brackett produced. She is the author of such hits as *Autumn Crocus*, *Call it a Day* and *Dear Octopus*.

ONLY A SUGGESTION!

RICHARD GREENE has suggested to his home studio, 20th Century-Fox, that he play the part of the Duke of Marlborough, ancestor of Winston Churchill and one of the greatest soldiers in British history, and there is a good chance that his suggestion will be adopted.

Greene declares that Marlborough was not only a great soldier, but a great politician and a great lover as well, and that the Duke's dashing character would make an ideal film subject.

Greene has just completed his starring role in *Forever Amber*, with Linda Darnell, Cornell Wilde and George Sanders.



"IT'S A LOVELY PIECE OF WORK—IT REALLY IS." Barney Hatton (DERMOT WALSH) examines an oak bureau in the Woodroffe's cottage, while Jassy (MARGARET LOCKWOOD) and her father, Woodroffe (JOHN LAURIE) look on. A scene from the Gainsborough Technicolor production, "Jassy," directed by Bernard Knowles.

LOOKING AFTER BABY . . .

Hollywood Takes Care of its Future Generation

BABIES are the real Hollywood movie queens. They are pampered and protected much more than the leading players. Their code of treatment is set by law and it is rigidly enforced.

For example, a two-month-old girl was needed for Paramount's *Variety Girl*. Mary Frances Baur, a blue-eyed beauty who had never before appeared before the cameras, was selected for the bit.

These are the requirements which had to be followed by Director George Marshall:

Since Mary Frances is in the 30-90 day age group, her minimum daily salary is set at 50 dollars. She could only be at the studio two hours a day and those hours had to be between 9.30-11.30 a.m. or 2.30-4.30 p.m. Although she could rehearse during that two-hour span, she could only actually "act" under the bright lights for 30 seconds at a time.

There's no cheating on that regulation. A city welfare worker stands by, stop-watch in hand, and calls time on the scene exactly at the 30-second mark. This provision is intended to protect a baby's delicate eyes.

The child must be taken to the Board of Education, where she is examined by a physician before reporting at the studio. After her daily chore, she is returned to the board's headquarters and again checked by a doctor.

At the studio, a dressing-room is converted into a nursery and a nurse must be in attendance at all times. Studio employees are barred from the nursery—even Mary Frances' mother could not be with her in the dressing-room!

Finally, a studio car calls for the child and takes her home.

MICHAEL POWELL AND HIS PICTURES

The Story of a Man and His Work

by HARRY WILSON

MICHAEL POWELL is one of Britain's best-known directors: one of that select half-dozen which includes Carol Reed, David Lean and Anthony Asquith.

He first attracted attention in *The Edge of the World*, the fine, sombre, semi-documentary he made on Foula in the Shetlands just before the war; a film which, I have always felt, had more warmth and humanity and genuine feeling for people than almost anything he has done since.

His best war-time films, *Contraband*, *The 49th Parallel* and *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*, though not flawless, had a force and vigorous narrative style which suggested the mature, accomplished artist well aware of, and working well within, his limits. In particular, *The 49th Parallel*, with its accurate, unbiased delineation of the Nazi mind: the one credible portrait to emerge from the war years; and *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*, the story of the bomber crew who bale out over Holland and are helped by Dutch patriots, have always seemed to me two of the finest examples of the documentary method successfully applied to the fictional subject. All these films had one thing in common: they owed their inspiration to the war, derived their peculiar tension and excitement from it. Powell, helped considerably by the epic quality of his material, brought to it a technical brilliance which, whilst revealing certain weaknesses, suggested that with a little more strength in the story department, all would be well.

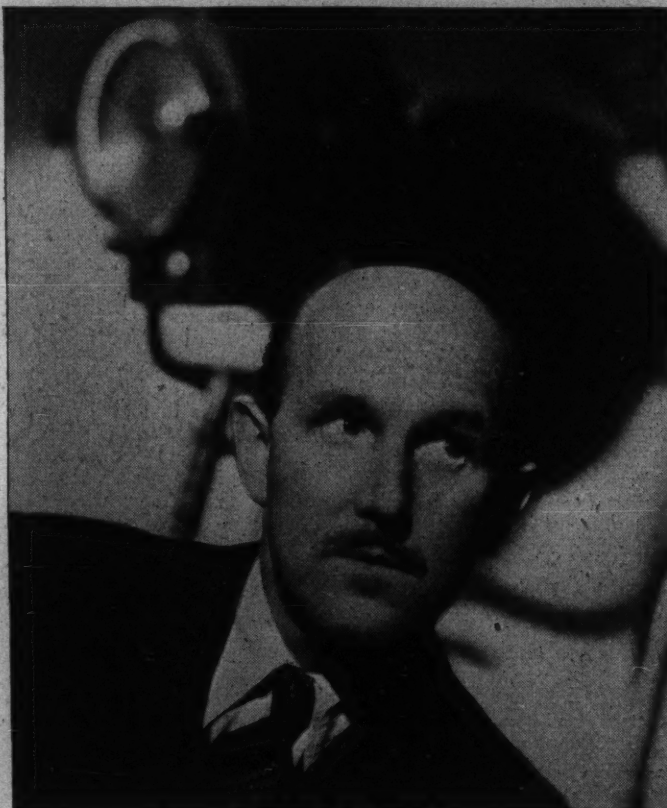
In recent years, however, he seems to have suffered a strange relapse. Beginning with *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, his work has developed lop-sidedly. There has been a progressive decline in ideas and story values on the one hand, and an ever-increasing technical accomplishment on the other. In addition, he has acquired a most irritating pretentiousness of treatment. This paradox can be defined, roughly, as the failure of ideas to equal their execution.

In *Colonel Blimp*, with its curious inverted sentimentalities, what, in the earlier films, had seemed a mere structural weakness revealed itself as a serious organic flaw. This was apparent again in *A Canterbury Tale* and *I Know Where I'm Going*, and strikingly evident in *A Matter of Life and Death*, all of which showing that a first-class technical accomplishment could not disguise the poverty of the original idea.

This fatal flaw runs like a thread throughout Powell's many fine films in which, almost without exception, the technical *tour de force* exceeds the material. It is not so marked in *Black Narcissus*,

since here (and this is significant) he is dealing with ideas which are not, exclusively, his own.

There is, however, no denying his technical virtuosity: time and again one is impressed, staggered even, by the extent of his resources. Sometimes his command of the medium is so obviously superior to his material, one is left a little breathless and over-



MICHAEL POWELL,
Director.

powered by the result. *A Canterbury Tale* was just such an instance: a laudible attempt to put rural England on the screen, completely ruined by an absurd scenario, half high-minded fantasy one moment, half schoolboy-thriller the next, about a preposterous character known as the glue-man who goes around in the black-out pouring glue on girls' heads out of love of his country—an explanation which would have fascinated Freud. Into this ill-conceived framework was packed some of the finest things Powell has given us. The visuals were beyond reproach, and some of the exterior photography of the Weald of Kent, with such breath-taking shots as the towers of the cathedral seen suddenly from the neighbouring heights, are among the loveliest things in all cinema.

In fact, the film lacked only one thing: a valid idea. One moment, the characters are pilgrims in search of blessing or penance; the next, a bunch of amateur detectives scouring the countryside for the glue-man. This is a typical Powell script, vague, muddled, and lacking verisimilitude.

In *I Know Where I'm Going*, although the thread of plot was much stronger, and although, stripped of its essentials, it was once again the age-old theme, that cliché of cinema, poor girl engaged to rich man deserting him for poor man—surely a plot as old as the cinema itself—once again the mood and treatment gave to the somewhat shoddy, threadbare story a curious dignity and memorable quality. The stark hills and beetling cliffs, the dark menacing waters, landscapes seen through veils of spray and mist, and the perpetual lowering rainclouds of the Hebrides, were caught with a fidelity one does not associate with the native British cinema. Powell is, in fact, the only commercial director so far to mirror the regional English scene and character: with the others it is usually caricature. *I Know Where I'm Going* had imaginative truth and a genuine sense of a way of life, incredibly remote and self-contained, wasted on a story a lesser director would have rejected out of hand.

Powell has ideas in plenty: it is simply that they miss one elusive quality which immediately renders them sterile—humanity. No amount of technical fireworks can compensate for the lack of the heart-warming quality of humanity, and it is precisely this which his films since *Colonel Blimp* have lacked altogether. I think the fault is chiefly Powell's, who, in addition to being his own producer (with Emeric Pressburger), insists upon being his own writer also; a combination which defeated even a Chaplin in the end.

However, this is not to decry the essential cinematic nature of Powell's gift, his fine disdain for the technically commonplace, but merely to remark upon the elusive missing quality which renders his work curiously invalid.

It was, I think, *A Matter of Life and Death* that revealed his defects most plainly. Here was technical virtuosity enough to send the aesthetes home singing: but what was the sum total of the film?

The massive apparatus of full-dress Shavian debate, the penny plain and fourpenny Technicolor effects, the staggering sets and functional architecture, are employed to prove that one quite ordinary airman (with a line in Donne, Raleigh, Shelley, Keats and Marvell) loves one very ordinary woman. To achieve this remarkable end, Powell has amassed a technical resource and imagination it would require a cosmic issue to justify. As abstract argument translated into pictorial terms, as an exposition of a personal philosophy, the film is totally inadequate. It would require a Shaw to give it that weight and authority. The nearest it gets to wit

is an elaborate and protracted joke about the state of Anglo-American relations, past and present. But once again, what does the film add up to?

From the beginning, the situation is melodramatic rather than dramatic or even poetic, which is probably what Powell aspired to. The characters are the figures of journalism and the cinema: one simply does not believe in them: the central problem remains trivial. The film is, once again, totally devoid of humanity, and no amount of platitudes about brotherhood and freedom can turn a trivial story into a valid theme for so spectacular and pretentious a treatment.

But to do justice to the film, the quality of technical imagination is, as always, superb. The opening sequences seem to me to be as startling and memorable as anything in the cinema for years; so, too, the subjective camera technique of the long, long journey down the hospital corridor to the operating theatre, seen through the eyes of the man on the stretcher: the anæsthetic mask descending and the horrific image of closing lids seen from within.

Powell has, however, profited by some of his mistakes, as seen in *Black Narcissus*, which, once again, just misses greatness. As always, beautifully successful in creating the atmosphere, the feel of a place, he has built up, with the aid of a sensuous decor, and the lush effects of Technicolor, the atmosphere of an old harem on the windy slopes of the Himalayas, to which a party of nuns are sent to establish a convent school. In the end, they are compelled to withdraw, defeated by the lecherous spirit of the place. It is the hard core of the film, the attempt to resolve the central conflict (stronger than usual) which defeats Powell. The dramatic and psychological climax of the film is mishandled completely. One of the nuns, finally overcome by the atmosphere and associations of the place, rejects her vows, dresses like Hedy Lamarr, and rushes off to bed with the nearest available male: not, you would aver, the trappings of classic tragedy; maybe just a little vulgar, even. The breakdown of the unfortunate nun, which should have had a dignity and subtlety which would have communicated its own inner tragedy, deteriorates into melodrama and very nearly farce. The nun, in a sudden access of jealousy, tries to push her superior over the cliff. Together, as so often in the cinema, they cling to the cliff face, dangling in space.

But while Powell is building up an atmosphere, the film remains magnificent. The sense of altitude and remoteness, of rarified air and sunlight, of wind blown across measureless distances, is remarkable. There is, moreover, a well-defined sense of character development which suggests that this time, at least, he has attempted to redress the balance. How, then, to resolve this strange split in Powell's directorial make-up—the simultaneous thinking on two

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PETER NOBLE

Tells of Britain's Need For

MORE

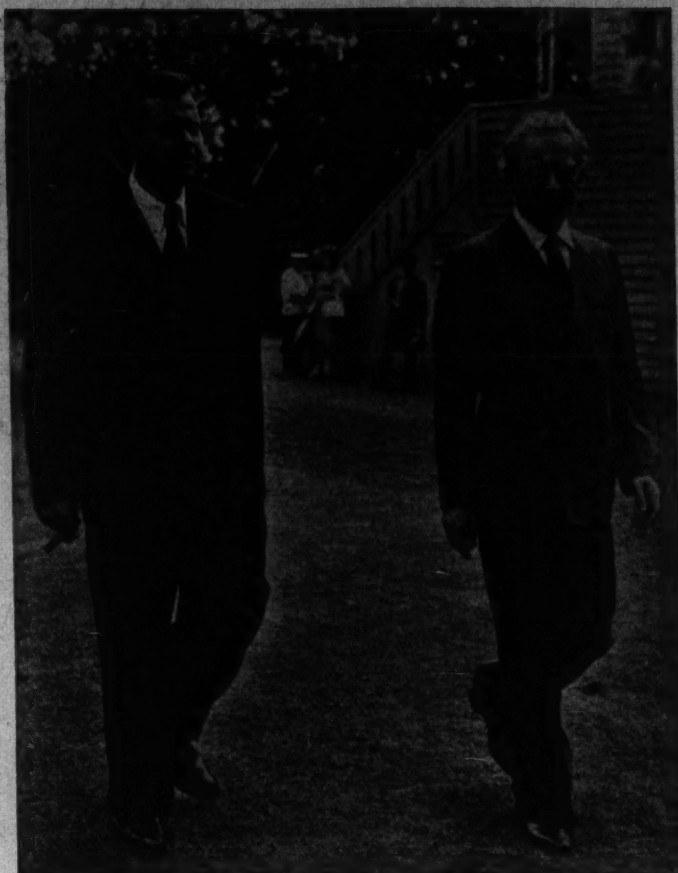
REPERTORY CINEMAS

IN Britain the life of a film is all too short. A brief West End run is followed by a provincial release and a two weeks' release period in London. After that the film disappears from view. Occasionally it may come to life again at a repertory cinema, of which there are only a dozen in London and a few in the provincial towns, but for the most part some of the most worth-while films are relegated to a Wardour Street cellar for ever. It so happens that a far-seeing official of the film producing company may decide to bring out a film, dust it off and reissue it, but unfortunately the re-releases seem to be only the second-rate films, and rarely indeed are we treated to a second showing of a screen classic.

This is a sad state of affairs. Great art in all forms should be kept continually before the public gaze. Classic literature may be read by all who have access to the free libraries of the country, classic paintings and sculpture are to be seen at public exhibitions and museums. Even classic drama is available to lovers of the drama, and at progressive theatres in London and the provinces may be seen the great plays of past eras. The work of Shakespeare, Congreve, Shaw, Ibsen and O'Neill is to be seen even at the present time on London stages, but what of the great names of the cinema, the great creative artists of the film? Where is one able to see the work of the screen classicists: Rene Clair, Chaplin, Milestone, Stroheim, Fairbanks, Duvivier, Pudovkin, Eisenstein and others up to the more modern Capra, John Ford, Orson Welles, Fritz Lang, Hitchcock, to name but a few?

The answer is that these films, milestones in the history of the cinema, are never seen today, except at occasional private shows by film societies. Would it not be a sad thing if we were unable to enjoy the plays of the great dramatists of the world or if we were suddenly prevented from reading Dumas, Dickens, Brontë or Mark Twain? Many of us feel much the same way about being deprived of the most brilliant and lasting work of the great names of the screen.

Repertory cinemas are doing grand work in this direction by presenting programmes of past successes, but even they only skim the surface of the wealth of cinematic treasures which have accumulated in the last thirty years. Today we are perhaps able to see films made as far back as 1935-6, but never are we able to see the really great movies of the 1920's. In this direction we lag far behind America, which has a far more sensible attitude to the film



ORSON WELLES takes a stroll with SIR ALEXANDER KORDA.

in repertory. For example, here is a current programme at the Museum of Modern Art in New York—Douglas Fairbanks in *Thief of Baghdad*, Rudolph Valentino in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, John Barrymore in *Beau Brummel* and Erich von Stroheim in *Greed*. Where in England today is it possible to view the films of such great names of the 1920 film era? Or the great films and names of any other era except the present one?

In London we have the British Film Institute, with a huge Library of films from all countries and periods. Why cannot the Film Institute emulate the Museum of Modern Art and give regular showings of the outstanding examples of film-making in the last thirty years? What is needed is a Central Repertory Cinema with a definite educative policy of programme. There is a generation growing up which scarcely knows Chaplin and whose knowledge of the film stops with Bing Crosby, Clark Gable and Mickey Mouse. This could surely be remedied—and certainly should be.

If we want the film to be recognised as one of the arts it is up to us to support and encourage cinemas which pursue a repertory policy. No film should be condemned to a few weeks of life and then oblivion.

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May we hope that the time is soon coming when shortage of film output in London and Hollywood will necessitate the longer showing of current films and the reshowing of past successes. This will encourage the growth of repertory cinemas—we may even have one in every district. These, coupled with the Central Repertory Cinema, where unusual and rare films may be seen, would ensure that the illustrious names of the movies will be kept constantly before our eyes. Then the film will assuredly take its rightful place in the cultural life of the people and instead of a drug it will be a stimulant.

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EDITORIAL

IN this enlarged and improved number of MONTHLY FILM REVIEW you will find the new style of film journalism which has proved so popular in previous issues; for the first time, the intelligent filmgoer is provided with news, reviews and articles which are neither childish gossip nor æsthetic paradoxes.

Four or five new films are released every week—it is no use expecting that these should all be masterpieces, nor should they be criticised because they are not.

Films are made to entertain more than a hundred million people. This gigantic audience does not consist of idiots (although from some of the recent films it seems that film companies think they are) nor of intellectuals craving for educational and documentary films.

It consists rather of ordinary people, who work all day and are tired when they visit the cinema in the evening. The cinema to them is a comfortable place where they can indulge in a thousand orgies for a shilling, where they can relax in a simple world of characters with clear-cut problems, all of which are solved in ninety minutes. Here is colour, warmth and luxury, all of which give pleasure to the glamour-starved citizens of today.

This is the situation, and it is useless to condemn or praise it.

But all these people who are regular patrons of the cinema are beginning to tire of some of the stereotyped films that are continually set before them. The novelty has worn off, and they want something substantial for their money; a good story with talented stars and original treatment—that is what they want—and for the first time it is being noticed that they stay away if they know a film is unentertaining.

Variety, they say, is the spice of life; it is also the soul of entertainment.

Unless there are better films, the industry will suffer a tremendous slump.

Probably the most urgent need is for good stories, for it is the story upon which the skill of the stars and directors (and the success of the film) rests entirely.

For this reason we are devoting a whole page regularly to film writing, in the hope that an intelligent appreciation of good film stories can be fostered.

In addition, we have a page of News from the Studios; don't expect to find on that page the reasons why Claudette Grable (or whatever her name is) is becoming divorced for the fiftieth time, nor the reason why Clark Boyer (or whatever his name is) doesn't like women to smoke pipes. The news will consist of interesting developments in the studios and anything of interest to the intelligent film lover.

Our cover portrait this week is of ORSON WELLES, the amazing young man of thirty-two, who has shown what can be achieved by enthusiasm and creative genius, even in Hollywood.

The world is rarely kind to a genius; it does not trust him until he is dead, until his work and achievements can be assessed. Orson Welles is a genius, but he has had the good fortune to be appreciated for his immense gifts and talents at an early age. Thus he was permitted to exploit his youthful imagination in a medium (the film) in which so much hard money is invested that few young people have had the good fortune to be made solely responsible for a whole production.

Orson Welles' first film was *Citizen Kane*—a masterpiece, written, directed and acted by a young man of twenty-five—and a great landmark in the history of the cinema.

After *Citizen Kane*, Welles' achievements in the film world were *The Magnificent Ambersons*, *Journey Into Fear*, *Jane Eyre*, *Tomorrow is Forever*, *The Stranger* and *The Lady From Shanghai*.

He is now here to make arrangements with Sir Alexander Korda for a film to be made in England.

FILM MONTHLY REVIEW, having great respect for the individuality of Welles, will continue to report on his progress, and, it is hoped, will publish an exclusive interview with him in next month's edition.

An Unusual Precedent

A BRITISH FILM "MADE IN PARIS"

THE increased production of British films as a consequence of tax on American movies will result in increasing the already desperate shortage of studio space.

A few months ago, however, some British artists who could not obtain sufficient studio space found a way by crossing the Channel, and then made film history by using French studios for an entirely British production.

Edana Romney, a new star, together with Eric Portman made in the Paris studio "Butte Chaumont" the film *Corridor of Mirrors*, which will shortly be released in London.

Their whole team went over to France. Edana told the MONTHLY FILM REVIEW reporter that they at first feared that work with French film workers might be difficult, but their fears were soon dispelled.

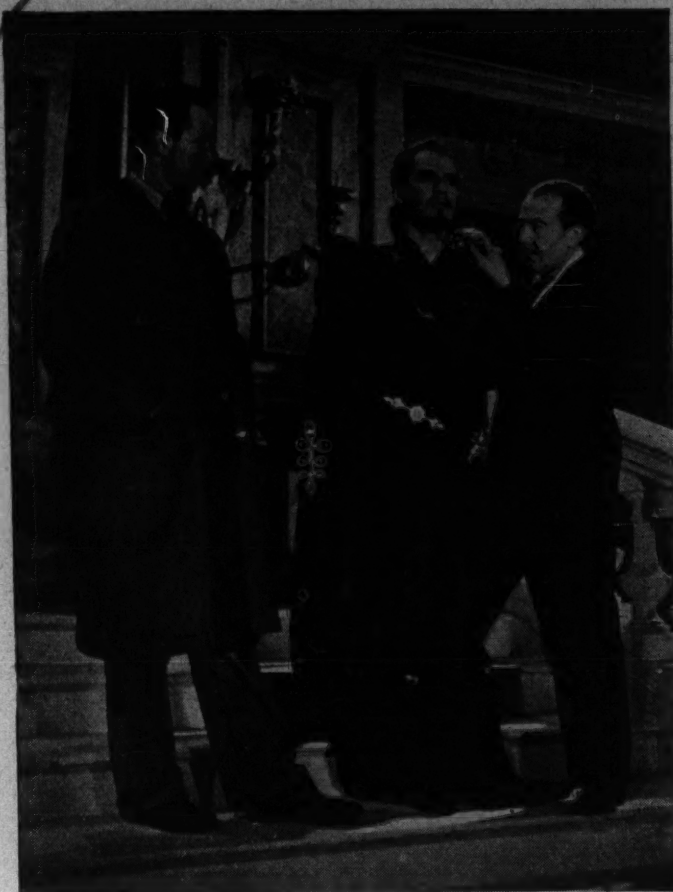
"The French are a carefree people, and their freedom of expression and thought helped us in making the film. French studio workers and technicians co-operated with us perfectly," said the beautiful Edana Romney.

"There is also a much closer relationship between the 'big shots' around the French studios and the smaller fry of crowd artists. And we found that the different climate we were working in was beneficial to our team."

The French watched with interest "Les Anglais." There were very many curious visitors to the studios and the British Army Welfare Council sent several groups of British Tommies to see their countrymen at work. Terence Young, the director, had a busy time showing them around.

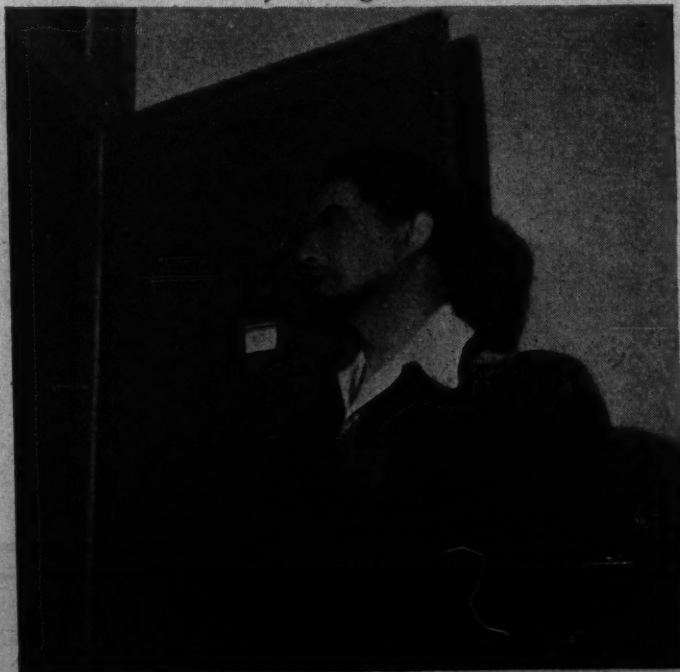
Language, which the British thought would be a great obstacle, was quickly overcome on both sides. Young, after a few weeks, could shout and swear in French in the best Hollywood tradition, if something went wrong with the lights or the set. And having a "foreigner" shout at them did not offend the French studio hands, who realised that the director was the director, and it was their job to help him and carry out his wishes.

Between shots the French studio hands were astonished at the friendliness and comradeship of the British stars, who did not correspond to that continental idea of the Englishman being so silent and cold. They were soon heard teaching each other how to pronounce "All right, old man," with the best of English accents.



Above: TERENCE YOUNG is watching PORTMAN being made-up for the scene of the ball in "Corridor of Mirrors." Film make-up, say the artists, is much more discreet in Britain than in France.

Below: ERIC PORTMAN insisted on having a proviso in his contract that dressing-room No. 13 should be allocated to him. He got it, and also the respect of studio hands, who said that the non-superstitious "Monsieur Portman" was very courageous.





POTATO-PEELING. *(This is not part of the film.) "I wonder what the union would say in Britain," says EDANA ROMNEY, as they help the canteen manageress peel the potatoes.*

FILM CRISIS

FOR several years, the Hollywood Film Industry has become increasingly worried over the decline in popularity of its products in this country, because the gross receipts from this country's box-offices represented the clear profit, after tremendous production and publicity expenses had been paid for by American box-office receipts.

All of a sudden, Hollywood's concern has turned into stark anxiety by the British Government's crisis decision to prevent the drainage of 75 per cent. of Britain's much-needed money that is usually absorbed by Hollywood films.

At the time of writing, this decision has just been made, and, as was to be expected, has brought forth a storm of protests, entreaties and threats from Hollywood magnates.

The British Government has several months in which to reconsider the decision, which MONTHLY FILM REVIEW considers ill-advised, for the following reasons:

We do not have nearly enough British films to satisfy our cinema audiences, nor are all of our films sufficiently good yet.

If Hollywood did not send us any (or many) more films, "Quickies," that is to say, cheap, bad films, would be rushed off to fill British screen time, which is just where the British Film Industry started, and is the worst thing in the world for its reputation.

There are many other reasons, but consider the power that the Film Industry of Hollywood wields in the U.S.A.'s National Economy; it could force its Government to do much harm to our trades, prevent us from showing British films in the U.S.A., and in general it would put us in a most embarrassing position. Until Britain has enough studios to provide *all* the films we require, we had better allow Hollywood to continue sending us films (not too many, of course) and freezing her profits over here, until we can afford to pay for them.

SCRIPTS

by DONALD SUTHERLAND

IF a decade of film criticism has taught me anything, it is that a film can be no better than its script. That sounds very obvious, but if it were engraved upon a platinum plate and hung in the office of every producer we should have fewer flops and finer films.

Whenever a novel or a play hits the big money, either here or in New York, there is a rush for the film rights wholly regardless of its cinematic value. The producer wants to cash in on its celebrity value. We all know what happens then. The book (let's say it is a book) is handed to Bill Smitz, Peter Nitz and Teddy Witz for "adaptation." These gentlemen are usually studio hacks who know every trick of the trade, but very little about men and women *outside the industry*. The author is heavily bribed to keep away out of sight and hearing. When they have done with the book it resembles nothing so much as a well-chewed wad of gum, amorphous, unpleasant, sticky and flavourless.

In fact, it's the old story of too many cooks. The heavy, out-of-pocket expenditure involved in making a film . . . say a hundred thousand pounds, make the producers reluctant to trust any one individual. They believe that there is safety in numbers, and nothing will convince them that the opposite is the real truth. Even although it can be proved in terms of their own ultimate test "box-office."

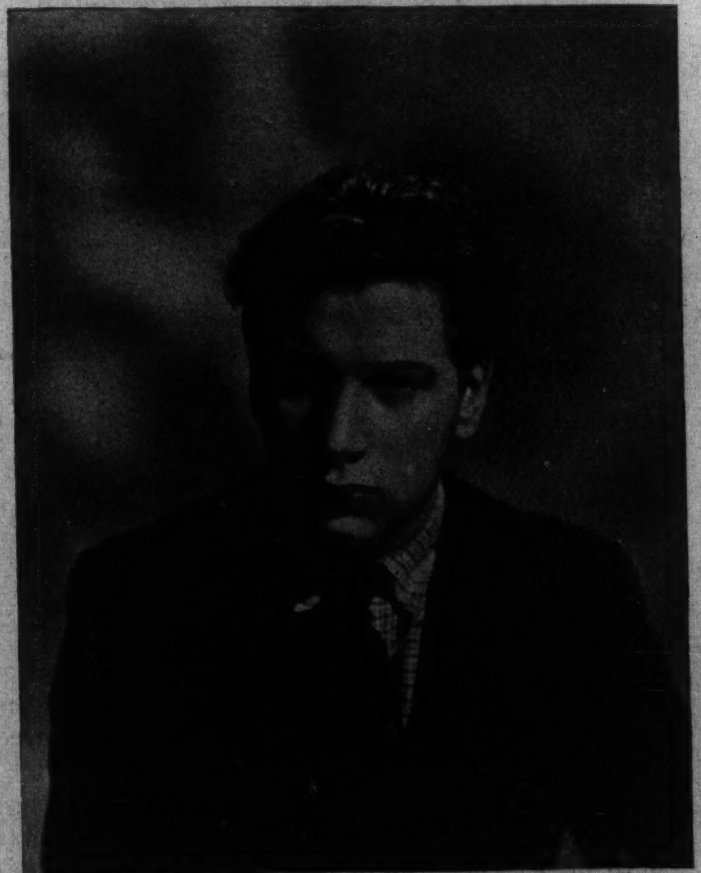
Two of the best films we have made over here are *In Which We Serve* and *Henry Vth*. At the Press show of the former, the recurrence of Noel Coward's name on the credit titles gave rise to audible sniggers. There were no sniggers . . . there were even snuffles among hard-boiled critics . . . when the film ended. In the case of Olivier's masterpiece, and such it is, the script was by a writer whom no one dared to alter . . . that is until the Hayes Office insisted on "Norman dastards" in place of "Norman bastards" for the better protection of American womanhood. And both films were firmly controlled by single individuals who knew their business inside out.

All producers of entertainment, whether in the theatre or in the cinema, try to reduce risks of loss to the absolute minimum. They cannot be blamed for that. But what they won't learn is that it just can't be done. They go on hoping to sell a film on the strength of a book or a play on its success abroad—rather than taking a chance on original material. If these tactics do come off once in a million times . . . say *Arsenic and Old Lace* or *The Constant Nymph* . . . remember what happened with *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and other eviscerated abortions.

At present it is little short of impossible for an original writer to break into films without previous success in fiction or theatre. Like all generalisations, the above is not a hundred per cent. true. Independent Producers keep a dozen young writers on their payroll, trying to learn the job. It is one which must very largely be learned from the inside, and I gather from Mr. Gordon Wellesley that the experiment has been successful and will be continued. But training youngsters to adapt the work of other men, however useful to the studios, is not the same as encouraging original work.

Most films err on the side of too much talk. Most scripts are riddled with clichés. How often has the assiduous filmgoer had to listen to phrases like "It's

(Continued on page 16)



Probably the most promising young writer who has now turned his efforts towards films is PETER USTINOV. Already having earned a name for himself as a playwright and actor, his "School for Secrets" is to be followed by "Vice Versa."

NOVEL AWARD

RAINTREE COUNTY, a first novel by R. Lockridge, junr., has won the semi-annual Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Novel Award, carrying with it a minimum of \$150,000 to the author with a possibility of \$250,000 contingent upon sales, plus an additional \$25,000 should the book receive the Pulitzer Prize.

According to the 33-year-old author himself, his personal funds amounted to exactly one hundred dollars when he learned that his work had been selected. *Raintree County* will be published in book form by the Houghton-Mifflin Company, which will receive the sum of \$25,000 from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on publication. Motion picture and allied rights go to the film company.

For the first time since the inception of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Novel Award, another novel, *About Lyddy Thomas*, by Maritta M. Wolff, has also been selected for a special award by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Editorial Board for reasons of exceptional merit and screen rights have been acquired. It will be published as a book by Random House. Miss Wolff is the author of *Whistle Stop* and *Night Shift*, both of which have been produced on the screen.

Six years have gone into the writing and re-writing of *Raintree County*, which the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer judges consider one of the most remarkable novels ever submitted for the Award. Its scenes are centred in an imaginary but symbolic county in the author's native State of Indiana. The time of the story alternates between what is called a "synoptic day," July 4th in the year 1892, and a sequence of "flashbacks" beginning in 1839 and covering the history of the American Republic in peace and war for over half a century.

The author, Ross Franklin Lockridge, junr., was born in Bloomington, Indiana, on April 25th, 1914. He is a graduate of Indiana University, has studied at the Sorbonne and at Harvard, and from 1941 to 1946 was on the teaching staff at Simmons College in Boston. He was married in 1937 to Vernice Baker of Bloomington. They have four children—three boys and a girl.

Maritta M. Wolff, author of *About Lyddy Thomas*, the other Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Award winner, was born on December 25th, 1918, on a farm in Michigan. Her first novel, *Whistle Stop*, was written in her senior year at the University of Michigan and won the major prize in the Avery Hopwood Awards for 1940. She married another Hopwood winner, the late Hubert Skidmore, author of *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*.

(Continued at foot of next column)

THE LIFE STORY OF A GREAT WRITER

THE dramatic life story of Fyodor Dostoyevsky, who became one of Russia's greatest writers after spending ten years as a prisoner in Siberia, is to be filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The studio has invited Rene Fuellep-Miller, Continental author and an authority on Dostoyevsky, to Hollywood to write the screen play based on the life of the man who achieved immortal fame by writing *Crime and Punishment*, *The Brothers Karamazov* and other world classics. Osso Van Eyss, Hollywood scenarist, will collaborate with Fuellep-Miller.

The life of Dostoyevsky, once known as Russia's "Great Sinner," was rich in dramatic incident. During his adventurous years in the middle of the nineteenth century, he was condemned to death. As he stood on the scaffold, and just a moment before the noose was to be slipped about his neck, a reprieve arrived from the Czar. However, he was exiled to Siberia.

During his last years, when he did most of his great writing, he became a deeply religious man.

His life was not without its exciting romantic interludes also, and through many years he was torn between his love for his wife and his infatuation for his secretary.

The film is to be one of the most elaborate on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer schedule and is to have an all-star cast. It will be produced by Gottfried Reinhardt, son of the late Max Reinhardt.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Novel Award was instituted in 1944. *Green Dolphin Street*, by Elizabeth Goudge, was the winner that year. Published in book form by Coward-McCann Inc., it was a Literary Guild Selection and will soon be released as a motion picture by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, starring Lana Turner. In 1945 the Award went to *Before the Sun Goes Down*, by Elizabeth Metzger Howard, which also won the Doubleday Doran 1945 prize novel contest. In 1946 the winner was Mary Renault's *Return To Night*, published by William Morrow & Co.

This year the Award, previously an annual event, was established on a semi-annual basis.

VINTAGE BRITISH CINEMA

by OSWELL BLAKESTON

TWENTY years have made a stupendous difference to British films. (But I remember how, in the old days, we set out to make a sea film, a real Super Epic of the Rolling Deep. As a grand finale, a ship was to be burnt. An old tub was chosen for this dramatic fate, and treated to a slapdash coat of paint. Waving to the crowd on the beach, we put out to sea for the first sequences in the shooting-schedule. A few hours later, the astonished crowd watched us being ignominiously blown back into harbour. It had not occurred to the "boys" that they ought to buy ballast for their old tub, and the hired captain's protests had been waved aside by a stripling assistant director.

And when this epic of the sea appeared on the screen, the public saw the gallant hero seize an unexploded shell. The shell was supposed to have been fired at the hero's ship and had fallen on the deck, where the hero snatched it in his arms and hurled it over the side. The fact that the shell would have been white hot had been overlooked by everybody.

Yes, the years seem too short for the amazing changes which have taken place in the British Film Industry. These changes are due to new blood. A cinema career is no longer considered a disgraceful ambition for an educated man. But exactly how much the infiltration of culture has affected our films is something which can be appreciated only by those who had experience "on the inside" in the early days.

Mind you, I'm not talking about hole-in-the-corner companies and their productions. There was one picture, for instance, on which no expense was to be spared. A really colossal set, representing a Chinese street, was erected in an open field. When the set was ready, all the Fleet Street boys were invited down to inspect it. The sponsors of the picture strutted about, casually mentioning how much everything had cost.

Then came the first day's work on the set. It did not take the cameraman—slow as cameramen were in those days—very long to discover that it was going to be hard to get the "languorous East" into the picture. Curtains billowed, street signs rocked and lanterns swung wildly. In the end, the director decided to wait for a nice, still day.

After two weeks of waiting, the sponsors lost heart. They were no longer proud of their ability to spend money. They gave instructions to the director to start shooting without delay. And when the picture was presented, the audience was introduced to a mad orient in which mandarins' hats were blown from their heads and dancing girls' skirts flapped up about their ears.

Those who were principally responsible for keeping British films in this state of chaos were the magnates, the finance men. There was one financier who decided to make himself a director. He distinguished himself in every scene, but particularly on one occasion with a crowd scene. It was an historical picture and the studio property department prepared a fittingly impressive roll of parchment from which a herald was to read a proclamation. When the director-magnate saw the fake parchment, he said, "I am an artist. In my pictures the details must be exact." Assistants were sent flying to the British Museum to get authentic documents. For three days a great crowd of extra players was retained in the studio while an historically accurate imitation parchment was prepared.

When the scene was shown in the studio theatre, the parchment was little more than a white blur in the background. One of the co-financiers of the company suggested that the director had been unduly extravagant. So the director re-engaged the great crowd of supers and shot a close-up—filling the entire screen—of the parchment.

As a purely decorative interlude, I like the story of the English director who was taking some location pictures in Africa. A kind nonentity—an assistant-assistant director—took pity on two Arab children who were being photographed. Flies had clustered round the children's eyes. While the camera was being moved in for a close-up, the nonentity stepped forward and shooed the flies away. The director saw the unfortunate Samaritan too late. His eyes bulging with fury, the director shouted, "How the hell do you think I'm going to match the close-up with the long shot? Put those damned flies back at once!"

There are many anecdotes about stage actors who ventured into the early English movies. One celebrated actor found great difficulty in providing intense emotion at the command of the little man who was his director. So he invented a technique to see him through the ordeal. When he was asked to display some overwhelming emotion, he would signal to the cameraman to start turning so that he would be ready for the psychological moment. Then the actor would run three or four times round the set and, finally, spring into a panting attitude expressive of overpowering emotion.

Now, in an attempt to get their money's worth out of the director, the studio officials set him to work on another picture the minute he had taken the last scene of the melodrama. An underpaid film cutter was entrusted with the work of assembling

(Continued on page 13)

The Great Tragedy. The cutter did not understand the methods of the actor, but he knew his reputation as a highbrow in the theatre. He thought the preliminary gyrations of the actor were part of some modernistic expressionism. The picture was actually shown to film exhibitors complete with the antics by which the actor had worked himself up for his emotional displays.

Talking of actors—one of the problems of yesterday's British film was the extra player. He was such a dispirited being. I recall a film showing Turkish soldiers storming some outpost of the Empire. I remarked to a film critic, "Those Turkish soldiers look like British extras." "Ah," he said, "that's their cunning!"

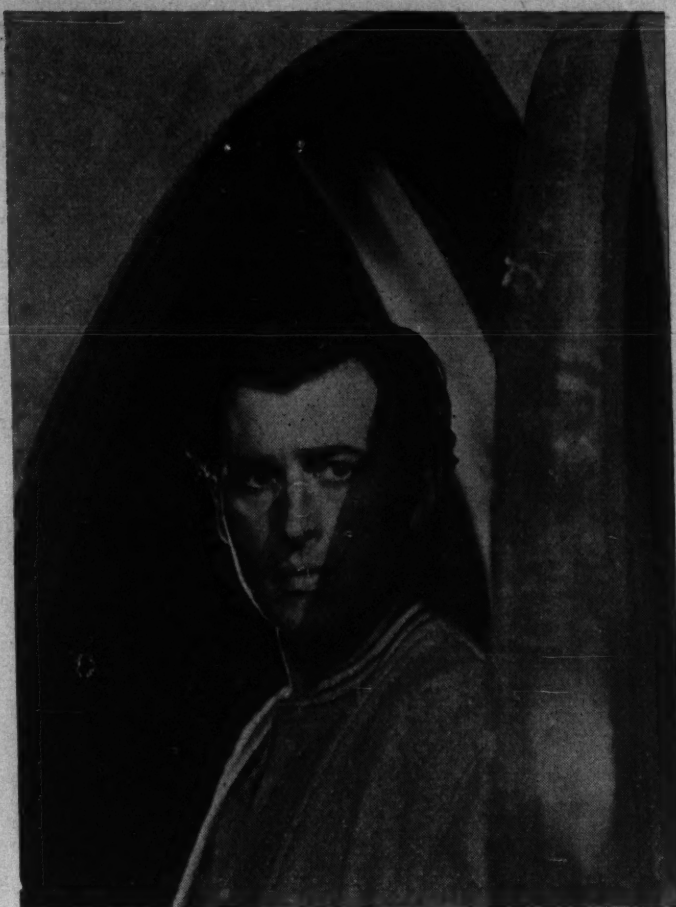
By way of contrast, I would like to record the adventure an inexperienced casting manager had with some ragged children. He found them in the street and asked them to come along to the studio, the next day, to provide "atmosphere." He gave them part of their wages in advance to prove he was in earnest. The next day they came to the studio, beautifully neat, in new clothes which they had bought with their advance.

And what shall we say of the early cameramen? Well, British pictures used to be notorious for their pea-soup photography. And if those early cameramen did develop a spark of artistic conscience, it was generally with fatal results.

The script of a certain picture called for a spectacular crash by the villain from the roof of a dance hall to the floor below. First of all the scene was tried with a dummy, but it lacked conviction. The villain was offered a variety of quick drinks and asked if he would make the jump from the roof into a net spread near the floor, just out of the range of the camera.

Now . . . do you remember a device called the iris with which old-time cameramen used to vignette certain pictures on the screen? The effect was a small round picture in a black frame. Well, the cameraman, who photographed the villain's dive from the roof, used an iris. He used it on his own initiative because he thought it was artistic and that, by isolating the falling figure, he would concentrate the audience's attention on the important action. He focused his camera on the villain hanging from the roof, and moved the camera down with the actor as he fell. It was a nice following shot, but the whole effect of the fall was lost. The iris cut out the vista of the dancers on the floor. The villain—for all the effect on the screen—might have been lowered from the roof with a crane.

Poor villain! he really was a dangerous man when he learnt that his courage had been wasted. He refused, in no uncertain terms, to repeat the performance. But the director forgave the cameraman.



One of the most popular of British film stars, STEWART GRAINGER is next seen in "Captain Boycott" and "Blanche Fury." At the moment he is beginning work on "Saraband for Dead Lovers."

He seemed to realise quite well how little things like that could go wrong!

It would be unfair to suggest that no one was conscious of all the confusion under the old régime. But attempts to impose order were futile—futile because they ignored the fact that the cinema needed what it now has . . . education. The efficiency experts who were, from time to time, introduced into the studios, only gave new twists to the muddle.

A friend of mine was cutting a picture for an important firm. Well, my friend found he wanted some more dusters and some drawing pins: dusters to clean the film as he rewound it and drawing pins to stick up various lengths of celluloid. He rang a bell and told a stooge what he wanted. But an efficiency expert had just been introduced into the studio. The stooge came back and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to make out *two* requisition forms. You see—dusters are hardware and drawing pins are stationery."

STUDIO PERSONALITIES

No. 1. JACK CONWAY

ONE of the best-liked and most successful of Hollywood's directors, Jack Conway was welcomed back with enthusiasm when he recently returned to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, after a three-year illness, to direct *High Barbaree*, co-starring Van Johnson and June Allyson.

Dragon Seed was the last Conway picture prior to his lengthy illness. Before that he had been at the helm of a wide variety of films, such as *Assignment in Brittany*, *Honky Tonk*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Libelled Lady*.

It may be that Conway's early training as a stock company actor for eight years furnished him with the equipment to understand situations and characters: at any rate, ever since he first yelled directions to actors in the silent days, his pictures have clicked with the public.

Born in Minnesota of Irish stock, Conway was brought up on a farm with eight brothers and one sister. He trudged three miles to school and had eventually entered preparatory school when his parents moved to Tacoma, Washington. He drifted down to Southern California, earning his way by doing odd jobs, when he was offered a bit part in

short Westerns, because he was a good horseman. In time he became a star. One of his rivals was Robert Z. Leonard, also a veteran Hollywood director, and now on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer roster. Later he joined a stock company in San Francisco. He travelled up and down the coast, winding up at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles, where he remained for three months before signing with D. W. Griffith. Gladys Brockwell was the star and the picture was called *The Old Armchair*.

During the next few years, Conway worked at various studios both as actor and director. He was at Universal for a year, and first worked on the present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in 1916.

For two years he worked with Ben Hampston, making independent films, moved to Fox for another year, returned to Universal under the late Irving Thalberg, and when Thalberg joined the present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organisation, Conway accompanied him. He has been directing films for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ever since.

His most recent assignment, *The Hucksters*, has placed him back into the position that his illness forced him to vacate.



PATRICIA ROC

Women Directors

IT is a fact that women directors have not fared too well in Hollywood. There have been a few women directors who have made outstanding pictures; but their careers, generally speaking, have been short-lived. Most notable among the very few who tried directing for a career is Dorothy Arzner, who directed *Craig's Wife*, one of Rosalind Russell's best films. Miss Arzner has been active in directing from time to time, but has not contributed the steady flow of pictures that has come from other established directors.

In the old silent days when Hollywood was very young there was Wanda King, who used to turn out short comedies for Crescent-Armitage-Gem Productions, slapstick comedies made in two or three days, forerunners of the more pretentious Mack Sennett comedies, Our Gang series and the Charlie Chaplin one and two-reel masterpieces. Little is recorded about Miss King's work beyond the fact that she was one of Hollywood's quickest-working comedy directors and that her activities spanned some three years—hardly commensurate with the successful work over years of men like William Wyler or Frank Borzage.

In the field of film production, of course, women have been much more successful. There have been women producers to whose efforts the success of many pictures have been directly attributable—and others who have insisted on credit as producer merely for the extra money involved or for reasons of vanity. Among the active women producers, Ida Lupino is a fine example, having just formed with Benedict Bogeaus a production company which will make at least four pictures, according to present plans. Harriet Parsons is another successful woman producer, so is Constance Bennett, who made *Madame Pimpernel*. Lois Webber of the silent era is, of course, the grande dame of Hollywood's women producers, perhaps the American film capital's first, an adventurous trail-blazer. Lovely Hedy Lamarr has also been credited as a producer for *The Strange Woman* and *Dishonoured Lady*.

There is a substantial school of thought in Hollywood which insists that women cannot direct because as women they cannot project their personalities into a cast of characters with the same ease and understanding as a male director. Whether this is true or not is a subject for long debate—the fact remains that it is possible to number the successful women directors on one hand. Whether Miss Colbert, with her immense fund of film experience, will be able to succeed where others have not been able to tread—or whether she finds herself moving into the field of film production—she will find the game a very tough one to play.

DID THEY FORGET

ANYTHING?

PRODUCTION Office at Denham Studios had to supply the following list of props for *Two Cities'* latest comedy, *Vice Versa*.

- 1 Elephant (live).
- 2 Monkeys (live).
- 1 Cockatoo (live).
- 1 Python (made in studios).
- 2 Stuffed tigers and 1 cub.
- 3 Stuffed baboons.
- 6 Stuffed monkeys.
- 1 Stuffed crane.
- 1 Outsize spider in web (made in studios).
- 2 Hooded hawks (live).
- De Lion Bouton car (date 1904).
- Standard car (date 1912, formerly belonged to Mrs. Pankhurst and used in her campaign for women's suffrage).
- Collapsible "horseless carriage" (must fall to pieces, made in studios).
- 4 "Penny-farthing" bicycles.
- 1 Nail bed for Fakir to sit on.
- 4 Nubian slaves.
- 5 Indian women.
- 1 Indian baby.
- 4 Indian children.
- 15 Indian men.
- Howdah (made in studios).
- Dancers' headdresses (designed by Nadia Benois, made by Mr. and Mrs. Lee, of Fulham Road).
- The North Pole.
- 1 Donkey.
- Victorian hearse and horses.
- 2 Hansom cabs.
- 6 Genuine theatre bills of the period.
- 1 Growler.
- 1 Peke.
- 3 Bags made to hold Peke.
- 1890 silver coins.
- 12 Paper cones for sherbet.
- 1 Tiller-driven car (made in studios).
- 2 Blunderbusses.
- 1 Copy of *The Times*, 1890.
- 2 Copies of *Punch*, 1890.
- 1 Copy of *Financial Times*, 1890.
- 1 Early bone-shaker motor-bike.
- 1 Horsebus.

And that, the department decided, was quite enough for one day!

Scripts

(Continued from page 10)

goin' to be quite all right, baby" or "Won't you sit down" . . . phrases which don't help the action or develop the characters. In a film, speech should be used sparingly to illuminate action. This fault is being overcome on this side of the Atlantic, and you may have noticed an increasing tendency among our best producers and directors to write their own scripts. We are not so star-ridden over here as in Hollywood, where a blonde nitwit with good legs and a large fan mail can destroy the work of almost any scriptwriter except a few on the Hecht-MacArthur plane.

It is very difficult to suggest any solution to the problem. The studios pay notoriously well for any material they accept. That makes them a target for literary agents and writers of every kind. Masses of material are submitted and read . . . be under no apprehension in that respect . . . all material submitted is read and reported on. But only a very small proportion of it reaches the hands of the men who have it in their power to say "I like this . . . let's make a picture of it." That's the way it has to be, otherwise they'd never have time to make anything.

But it's a good sign that our films are becoming more and more idiomatic. Most of our lousiest scripts have been committed in aid of the "International Market." That bogey has cost our producers untold gold. The reason why *Brief Encounter* or *La Femme du Boulanger* or *Scarface* succeed enormously wherever they are shown is because they are so unmistakably British, French and American respectively . . . and because they are good stories. But suppose for a moment that *Brief Encounter* had been made in France with a French cast . . . or that Carol Reed tried to make *Scarface* with Trevor Howard . . . and you'll see what I'm getting at. It's no use making a film for this, that or the other market. You must make a good film that the market will shout for.

Hollywood scriptwriters, once a commonplace at Denham, Pinewood or Elstree, are now very rare birds indeed. Their places are being taken by British writers, many of whom still have a lot to learn but do understand how English people live, work and think. They have a sense of period and a knowledge of history—two factors never to be found in American scripts. Another most healthy sign is the fact that English scriptwriters like Launder and Gilliat are promoted to direction with marked success. Hard times and adversity did our films a lot of good during the war period, and it looks as though they weren't over yet. But what we still need most of all is the story written for the screen direct . . . the story which will eliminate the adapters and in which the writer will have a considerable say when it comes to the actual shooting.

Michael Powell

(Continued from page 5)

disconnected levels of popularity and technical refinement?

The answer is, I think, that he needs, above all, a strong story-line, a water-tight script preferably by a hand other than his own. A hundred potential themes suggest themselves, conditioned only by his limitations as a creative artist. His undoubted genius is for the regional scene, the relating of landscape and environment to man, as revealed in that almost perfect little film, *The Edge of the World*. If only Powell would take a look at this film now, what lessons he might learn from its context. In spite of his tremendous technical imagination, I feel he is out of his milieu in the glittering airy-fairyland of the studio, and completely off the track in his pursuit of pseudo-philosophic abstractions. His main strength—his technical virtuosity—is at once his greatest weakness: the diversity of ideas with which his command of the medium tempts him to experiment, inevitably exposes him to the dangers of dissipated interest; and if he has too often in the past succumbed to this temptation, it is because, as yet, his technical imagination and curiosity exceed his grasp of ideas. As an artist he needs only a valid theme to achieve the stature of real greatness. As a craftsman he already has it.

FILM MONTHLY REVIEW

INTENDS TO DEVELOP ITS OWN CHARACTER AND EDITORIAL POLICY, ISSUE-BY-ISSUE. BUT IT INTENDS TO MOULD ITS CHARACTER TO SUIT THE REQUIREMENTS OF ITS READERS. WE EARNESTLY INVITE YOUR SUGGESTIONS!! IN THE NEXT ISSUE WE SHALL PUBLISH AS MANY OF YOUR LETTERS AS SPACE ALLOWS.

SO PLEASE LET US HEAR FROM YOU, AND DON'T FORGET TO LOOK OUT FOR OUR

OCTOBER ISSUE

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PRIZE QUIZ RESULTS

Last month's prize quiz was entered by about 500 readers, about half of whom sent in correct solutions, which were:—

- (1) LUCILLE BALL
- (2) WALTER PIDGEON
- (3) KATHRYN GRAYSON
- (4) WILLIAM POWELL
- (5) JUNE ALLYSON

All those with correct solutions will receive their prize within a few days.



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER

This great actor is here seen in "Hamlet," in which Jean Simmons, Eileen Herlie and a host of leading British actors appear. The film is expected to be (like "Henry V") a classic of the cinema.

